WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

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LOUISA VENONI,

THE

MAID OF THE VALLEY.

A STORY.

IF we examine impartially that estimate of pleasure, which the higher ranks of society are apt to form, we shall probably be surprised to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real satisfaction. Many a fashionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taste or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has suffered from the insipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were sometimes worth while, even on the score of pleasure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ——, to whom I had the pleasure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which distinguishes the generality of English travellers of fortune. His story was known to some of his countrymen who then resided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of something beside pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been first abroad at an early period of life, soon after the death of his father had left him master of a very large estate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always sumptuous, however, and sometimes profuse, he was observed never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleasure and dissipation, he always left behind more instances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that respect and esteem in which his character, amidst all his little errors, was generally held, he was supposed a good deal indebted to the society of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the university, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, seized at Marseilles with a lingering disorder, for which he was under the necessity of taking a sea voyage, leaving Sir Edward to prosecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Descending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an English hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horse unluckily made a false step, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his servants with scarce any signs of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the nearest house, which happened to be the dwelling of a peasant rather above the common rank, before whose door some of his neighbors were assembled at a scene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their master in the condition I have described. The compassion natural to his situation was excited in all; but the owner of the mansion, whose name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himself immediately to the care of the starnger, and, with the assistance of his daughter, who had left the dance she was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, soon restored Sir Edward to sense and life. Venoni possessed some little skill in surgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every possible care by his host and his family. A considerable degree of fever was the consequence of his accident; but after some days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the society of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expressing some surprise at the appearance of refinement in the conversation of the latter, much beyond what her situatiom seemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the house of a lady, who happened to pass through the valley and to take shelter in Venoni's cottage (for his house was but a better sort of cottage) the night of her birth. When

her mother died, said he, the signora, whose name, at her desire, we had given the child, took her home to her own house; there she was taught many things of which there is no need here; yet she is not so proud of her learning as to wish to leave her father in his old age; and I hope soon to have her settled near me for life.

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louisa better than from the description of her father. Music and painting, in both of which arts she was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had studied with success. Louisa felt a sort of pleasure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praised by Sir Edward; and the family-concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his guest was so far recovered as to be able to join them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other music of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his conversation with Louisa—it was that of a superior order of beings!—science, taste, sentiment!—It was long since Louisa had heard these sounds; amidst the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the most engaging figures I ever saw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expression animated and interesting; his sickness had overcome somewhat of the first, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louisa's was no less captivating—and Sir Edward had not seen it so long without emotion. During his illness he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it first grew warmer, he checked it from the thought of her situation, and of the debt he owed her. But the struggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of consequence, increased his passion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He sometimes thought of this as a base and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had despised, the slave of manners he had often condemned. He at last compromised matters with himself; he resolved, if he could, to think no more of Louisa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude or the restraints of virtue.

Louisa who trusted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important secret. It was at the close of a piece of music, which they had been playing in the absence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which she had composed to the memory of her mother. That, said she, nobody ever heard except my father; I play it sometimes when I am alone, and in low spirits. I dont know how I came to think of it now; yet I have some reason to be sad.

Sir Edward pressed to know the cause; after some hesitation she told it all. Her father had fixed on the son of a neighbor, rich in possessions, but rude in manners, for her husband. Against this match she had always protested as strongly, as a sense of duty, and the mildness of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obstinately bent on the match, and she was wretched from the thoughts of it.——To marry, where one cannot love,—to marry such a man, Sir Edward!——It was an opportunity beyond his power of resistance. Sir Edward pressed her hand; said it would be profanation to think of such a marriage; praised her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by swearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unsuspecting pleasure, which her blushes could ill conceal.—Sir Edward improved the favorable moment; talked of the ardency of his passion, the insignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of those dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happiness.——Louisa started at that proposal, She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; she could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended son-in-law. He was just such a man as Louisa had represented him, coarse, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbor in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and discovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aside, told her he had brought her future husband, and that he intended they should be married in a week at farthest.

Next morning Louisa was indisposed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louisa.

In the evening she wandered forth to indulge her sorrows alone. She had reached a sequestered spot, where some poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little stream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accustomed song. Louisa sat down on a withered stump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was scared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louisa rose from the ground, and burst into tears. She turned—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he cast on the earth a melancholy look, and seemed unable to speak his feelings.

Are you not well, Sir Edward? said Louisa, with a voice faint and broken.

I am ill indeed, said he, but my illness is of the mind. Louisa cannot cure me of that. I am wretched; but I deserve to be so. I have broken every law of hospitality, and every obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wish for happiness and speak what I wished, though it wounded the heart of my dearest benefactress——but I will make a severe expiation. This moment I leave you, Louisa! I go to be wretched; but you may be happy; happy in your duty to a father; happy, it may be, in the arms of a husband, whom the possession of such a wife may teach refinement and sensibility.—I go to my native country, to hurry through scenes of irksome business or tasteless amusement; that I may, if possible, procure a sort of half-oblivion of that happiness which I have left behind, a listless endurance of that life which I once dreamed might be made delightful with Louisa.

Tears were the only answer she could give. Sir Edward's servants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DRESS, ORNAMENTS, &c. OF THE ROMAN LADIES.

(Concluded from page 43)

THE teeth, we may readily believe were also an object of much attention; they were not only cleaned and whitened by a variety of methods, but artificial ones were placed in the room of such as age or accident had destroyed; but the materials of which they were made seem not to have been judiciously chosen. Thou hast only three teeth, says Martial to Maxima, and these are of box varnished over. But with all this art, there were some defects for which they were not provided with any remedy. If, says the same poet to Lælia, thou art not ashamed to make use of borrowed teeth and hair, yet still thou must be embarrassed. What wilt thou do for an eye, there are none to be bought? Had the unfortunate Lælia lived in our more inventive days, even this defect might have been supplied; though perhaps an eye made by the Baron de Wensal, is not altogether so killing as one fabricated by nature.

To sum up all, the Roman ladies took great care that their skins should be kept perfectly clean and sweet, by a constant practice of bathing; and some of them, not contented with common water for this purpose, used to mix it with a variety of detergent or sweet-scented ingredients. Poppæa, whom we have before mentioned, had every day the milk of five hundred asses made into a bath, which she supposed gave her skin a softness and polish beyond that of any other woman.

In the earlier periods of the Roman republic, as among every uncultivated people, there was but little difference between the dress of the men and the women, the toga being the common garment of both. At length, however, a difference was introduced, and the garment called stola became the distinction of the women, as the toga was of the men. It would be dry and insipid to give a minute detail of the form and fashion of these and several other kinds of dress used by the Romans, a much more adequate idea of which can be formed by a single glance at a bust or drawing, than by the most accurate description. We shall therefore only observe, that the most common materials of which their clothes were composed, were wool and flax; materials less fine indeed than those we have at present, but to supply that defect they were richly embroidered, and frequently loaded with different kinds of jewels. Linen only became known to the Romans in the time of the emperors; and perhaps nearly about the same time the use of silk was introduced among them; but it was long so scarce and expensive, that a small quantity of it was only mixed with wool or flax in the composition of their finest stuffs. Heliogabalus is the first on record who had a robe made entirely of silk. At that time it must have been exceedingly dear, for even more than fifty years afterwards it was sold for its weight in gold; as we learn from the answer of Aurelian to his wife, when she desired him to let her have a silk mantle, I shall take care, said he, not to buy threads for their weight in gold.

The most common, as well as most honorable color among the Romans, except the purple, only allotted to their emperors, was white. It was long before the fashion of wearing garments of various colors was introduced among them: white was not only the common color of the garments worn by the ladies, but also of their shoes, during the time of the republic. Aurelian granted them a power of wearing red ones; and, at the same time, prohibited all the men from that privilege, except himself and successors in the empire.

Shoes, with high heels, were first invented at Rome; Augustus wore them, in order to make himself appear taller; the priests put them on at their solemn sacrifices, and ladies of distinction at balls and public meetings. The shoes of great men were adorned with gold, and we have reason to believe, though it is not recorded, that the ladies copied their example. Heliogabalus adorned his shoes with precious stones, finely engraved by the greatest artist: the succeeding emperors, imitating the pattern he had shown them, loaded their shoes with a variety of ornaments; and had the Roman eagle, for the most part, embroidered on them, studded round with pearls and diamonds; but we shall cease to wonder at this foolish extravagance of the emperors, when we are told that even private citizens of Rome, besides the ornaments on the upper parts of their shoes, had the soles of them sometimes made of gold.

FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

[*From "The Old Woman."*]

Be thine the friendship of a chosen few,
To ev'ry virtue uniformly true;
Be thine the converse of some kindred mind,
Candid to all, but not to errors blind;
Prudent to check, or warn unguarded youth,
And guide thy steps in innocence and truth.

MAVOR.

IT is an old observation, that—"a man is generally known by the company he keeps;" and though the public conduct of the male sex is more visibly influenced by the nature of the association formed, the private manners and sentiments of women are no less governed by their confidants and companions, and often more fatally affected.

When a girl has reached those years that enable her to enter into views of life; when a taste for pleasure solicits gratification, and the rising passions are eager for innocent enjoyment, it is natural for her to look round for some person of her own sex, to whom she may freely communicate her ideas, and from whose society she may derive satisfaction in the hour of leisure or cheerful amusement. She feels a vacuity, that nothing but friendship can supply; and often, without reflecting on the consequences, attaches herself to the first person who will smile approbation on her heedless prattle, and enter with apparent cordiality into her little schemes of vanity or pleasure. It is fortunate for her, when chance throws her into an intimacy with a prudent friend, or when parental vigilance is steadily exerted to warn her of the dangers of indiscriminate familiarity. Numbers, however, are not so lucky;—with the best principles, and the most guiltless designs, they are often lured from rectitude and peace, by the artful insinuations of interested dependents, or the malicious jealousy of older disappointed rivals for praise or admiration.

When a young lady is obliged, for want of a more creditable associate, to make her waiting-woman her friend, what is to be expected from the alliance? The venal dependent, flattered by the confidence so unworthily reposed in her, will take every opportunity to flatter the foibles of her young mistress, or accept the first proffered bribe to betray her. She first makes herself necessary as an humble slave, and then arrogates a superiority acquired by being made the depositary of private sentiments, which

renders the young creature subject to all her caprices, out of fear rather than affection. The mistress sees, at length, that she is enthralled, but cannot emancipate herself. When she asserts her power, she is threatened with a discovery of some juvenile inadvertence, some free opinion of her parents, or others, that would involve her in censure or distress to be divulged. She bribes her tyrant into silence, and the bribe is considered as an encouragement to menace afresh, whenever it can be done with effect.

But it is not only from an intimacy with domestics that danger is to be apprehended by young females. It is a melancholy fact, that women of a certain age and character are incapable of sincere and lasting attachment to their own sex. A young creature in the opening bloom of beauty, and adorned with all the charms of innocence, has frequently more enemies among females than among males. Those who are themselves soliciting regard, or trying to fix a lover, will seldom be just to the merits of a younger and more successful candidate for favor. When they hear her praised by the men, they will represent her as a giddy being, unworthy of the attention of the sensible and polite; or they will throw out inuendos against the purity of her heart, with the most malicious unconcern for the consequences.

If a girl, just entering into life, has made a confidant of one who has received the addresses of a lover, and looks forward to a speedy union with him, she must expect nothing better than to have all her little secrets betrayed, and offered up at the shrine of affection; for females in general are as fond of communicating to their lovers the secrets of others, as they are careful to conceal their own.

Again,—if a young lady has attached herself to a married woman, who is bound by no ties of relationship or honorable feeling to befriend and protect her, the danger is still greater, and her situation more lamentable. A wife, perhaps, ought to have no secrets which she would wish to conceal from her husband; and she seldom has any that do not concern herself. She talks with the freedom of a matron before her young friend. Confidence begets confidence. In the gaiety of the heart, many silly things are said—perhaps some latent weaknesses are disclosed. The wife treasures them up, and, in the first moment of domestic privacy or endearment, communicates them to her husband, under the desired pledge of secrecy. He smiles at the credulity of both; and if he is a man of a little mind, or depraved heart, as too many are, he takes the first opportunity, when the young lady is named, to throw out all he knows among his boon companions at the table or the tavern; and thus makes her appear cheap, perhaps criminal, in the eyes of the other sex. Her fame is blasted, without her being able to guess at the breath that affects it; she is laughed at or censured, without having the power to defend herself. Her real friends, out of delicacy, are afraid to tell her what is said of her conduct; every eye watches her actions; every ear is open to her words; and whenever the world has taken it into its head to suspect even the most blameless behavior, the most guarded expression will be perverted and misapplied.

What, then, is to be done? I know my sex, before it is practised in deceit, is prone to friendship, and can never be happy till it has gained a companion to participate in its joys, and to sympathize in its distresses. With the simplicity natural to virtue, a young girl is averse to reserve, and to some one or other she will disclose the most secret sentiments of her heart. Indeed, without some society, it is impossible to be happy; but what misfortunes have arisen from an injudicious choice. Could I teach the gay and the juvenile a little discretion; could I point out, by an unerring criterion, whom they ought to trust, I should deserve more gratitude, and do more good, than the most strenuous advocates for female power and superiority.

Alas! it is impossible to unmask every treacherous heart, and to expose every fallacious appearance; yet a few maxims may be useful to direct in the choice of a safe and agreeable friend.

In the first place, I would advise every mother to make herself, as far as circumstances will permit, the confidant of her daughter, and every daughter to listen to the admonitions of her mother. In this intimacy there can be no danger, without violating the first principles of nature; and how sweet is the intercourse, where there is no dread of being entrapped in an unguarded moment, or of being exposed for a heedless expression.

Should a young female, however, have the misfortune to have lost her mother before she is capable of appreciating her worth, and of making a return for her solicitude, by an unreserved communication of thoughts and wishes, it will be prudent to attach herself, as much as possible, to some female relative, who will neither flatter her foibles, nor exercise too much austerity in the reprehension of them; who is more disposed to praise than to blame, and who can make virtue amiable, by the light in which she shows it.

Though it is too much the fashion to regard relatives as censors rather than friends, as people who take liberties which others will not venture on, I am convinced that, among them, we have not only a right to expect, but in general are sure to find, the most faithful counsellors, and the most affectionate promoters of our happiness and credit.

And if a young lady is, from fatal necessity, obliged to select her friends from those who are unconnected with her by the ties of blood or interest, it behoves her to be extremely circumspect before she ventures on confidence. It behoves her, before she makes a single advance towards intimacy, to regard well the character of the person she means to confide in. If her intended friend is respected by the good, and acceptable to the well-bred; if she is as ready to caution as to encourage; if her wit is untinctured with malice, and her temper without guile; if she is neither envious nor censorious; a babbler nor a defamer—she may be safely trusted—she may be taken to the heart, and have all its recesses disclosed to her view.

A very old woman, who kept a public house, and who was very rich, wishing to appear above her condition, on going out one day wore a petticoat dawbed round with gold lace, as was formerly the fashion; some one, who recognized her, said, on seeing her: "There is an old barrel with new hoops."

SEASONABLE HINTS TO THE LADIES FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.

DRESS should be accommodated to the season and climate. The laws of fashion can never controul the constitution of our bodies in such a manner, that the people of a cold climate can without real impropriety borrow their modes of dress from the inhabitants of a warmer one. French fashions ill apply to the situation of the northern parts of the United States. The furs of Russia are much better adabted to our winters than the fabrics of France.

When we consider how the health is affected, it becomes an object of serious moment, to whom we look for direction in forming our taste in point of dress. It would discover more real good sense to form our own; but as this would be troublesome, I do not expect we shall ever be so independent.

Foreigners remark, that the ladies of America lose their bloom and impair their vivacity, at a very early period of life. I am of the opinion, that the irregularity of our climate is the principal cause of this unfortunate fact. Perhaps this is a misfortune against which there is no perfect remedy. The effects of it, however, may be partly counteracted; and our women may preserve their health, their vivacity and their beauty much longer than they do. There is no doubt, that a warmer dress in the winter, than is usually worn by our females, would meliorate their constitution, and contribute to their happiness.

On the absurd Compliments which People pay to Parents on the LIKENESS *of* CHILDREN.

Mother's mouth, and mother's nose,
Father's eyes as black as sloes.

I WAS drawn into this essay by the observations I made the other day upon a christening visit: the whole house were in smiles; every thing was bought new, in honor of the little heir: the men all looked as if they had made free with the cellar; the maids, as if they were properly elevated with caudle; and master Charley, who was the occasion of the festivity, seemed to have had more of the bottle than agreed with his young stomach, as it flowed spontaneously again.

The situation of a lady in the straw has something in it pleasing and dignified; she commands at once our admiration and our respect. I have been puzzled to know from whence this expression took its rise; I cannot attribute it to any thing more probable, than the state of the virgin Mary, when she brought forth the child in the stable: and this expression is now the remains of the Roman church, which always introduced these sayings, that every thing more or less might keep pace with the New Testament.

The gossips being met, and all the ladies of the circle of her acquaintance collected together, with each a half-crown of king Charles ready for the nurse, I sat in the arm-chair, and attended to the remarks of the dames and virgins: one said, it was a sweet creature; another, it was a charming baby; a third, that it was the picture of papa; a fourth, that it was mama's own child; a fifth, that it had its mother's eyes; a sixth, that it had it's father's nose; a seventh, that it had its mother's pretty little ears; an eighth, that she was sure it would be sensible, for it was the picture of papa; a ninth, that she vowed it would be musical, for it smiled as soon as she hummed a tune; a tenth, that the child would be brave, for as soon as it saw the captain's red coat, it clenched its sweet little fist, and kicked immoderately; and so on, till another lady came in with a fine boy, when all the company with unanimous accord, declared, that master Tommy was the picture of his father the captain: they overpowered the boy with caresses, and the lady with compliments, till she had an opportunity of undeceiving them, by assuring the ladies all, that master Tommy was her nephew, and that his father lived one hundred miles from the metropolis. The ladies all stared; they were loth to retract their assertions; and so, to support their argument, they began to whisper a little to each other, that so many persons could not be deceived, and that they must be right and she wrong, as there were ten to one against her.

I shall finish this gossiping story with an anecdote of the late lady Tyrawley, who was paying a christening visit, and after waiting a long time with great impatience to see the child, which the nurse was to bring down, the footman came into the apartment to mend the fire; and her ladyship being prodigiously near-sighted, and at this time very eager to testify her zeal, and show her compliments the first to the family by a thousand common-place observations on the bantling, she ran up immediately to the servant, who had the coal-bucket in his hand, and said, with uncommon volubility, "It is the sweetest creature I ever beheld; my lord duke's nose, my lady dutchesses eyes and mouth; dear nurse, this is an universal joy, for sure no mother had so sweet a creature." The company all stared; her ladyship never discovered her error, called for her chair, found herself very happy that she had paid her visit, and returned home full of the praises of his graces delightful baby.

OBSERVATOR.

RURAL FELICITY.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

SUCH scenes as I am going to relate, are little understood in the capital; where rural felicity is considered to exist no where but in poetic fiction or romance; and that the raptures of innocent and pathetic love, were never to be found, but in the groves of Arcadia. But the following simple narrative may serve to prove, that this is a mistaken notion, and that this island [England] still affords proofs of true love and real affection.

Robert is the son of a wealthy farmer in Hertfordshire. When he attained the age of maturity, his father allotted him a small portion of land, with a cottage. Here he resided for some time, completely happy, daily attending his flocks, and nightly enjoying those peaceful slumbers, frequently unknown to the rich and great.

Robert had now solaced himself for upwards of a twelvemonth, with his flock and his faithful dog, which had been his chief companions, and engrossed all his attention. But he soon found that he was not unsusceptible of the tender passion.—The moment he was the lovely Fanny, he felt such sensations as he was before unacquainted with: his heart throbbed with those emotions to which it had been before an utter stranger. He viewed her wit

rapture, which was succeeded by grief at her departure; and, in her absence, involuntary sighs bespoke the ascendancy Fanny had gained over him.

On her part, she was not insensible of the language of Robert's eyes; the only language that had as yet expressed his flame; and they had proved so eloquent that she found them irresistible advocates in his favor. In a word, a mutual passion inspired her breast; but she had fortitude sufficient to conceal it till such time as she was convinced of Robert's sincerity.

An opportunity offered, one evening, whilst they were seated on a bank, where they viewed the sportive gambols of the fleecy herds; and Robert, with a sigh, addressed Fanny, saying, How happy were his flocks to him! This remark brought on a declaration of the sentiments of his heart, which were accompanied with such vows of truth and sincerity, that she could no longer discredit them; and she yielded to the impulse of her beating heart, to own her fond regard for him. Enraptured at this discovery, Robert now pressed her to fix a day for the completion of his bliss, by the celebration of their nuptials. Fanny at first evaded making a reply to this entreaty; but, at length, her own wishes so immediately agreeing with Robert's, she yielded to his request.

The assistance of the gentlemen of the robe was not necessary for making settlements, regulating pin-money, and the like. Their marriage took place, and their relations and friends were invited to a homely repast, where no turtle or venison smoked upon their table; nor was the Burgundian vintage called in to quench their thirst, Their homely ale was all that graced their side-board; and their viands, tho' good and wholesome, did not require the aid of a French cook to spoil them.

Several honey-moons have now elapsed since their nuptials, and each succeeding one seems more replete with happiness than the former. Sure then this state may be justly pronounced *rural felicity without alloy.*

Some account of Mr. VANDILLE, a remarkable Miser.

MR. VANDILLE was the most remarkable man in Paris; both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits; maintained one poor old woman, to attend him in his garret; allowed her only seven sous per week, or a penny per diem. His usual diet was bread and milk; and for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday; on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor; being one shilling and a penny per annum; which he cast up, and, after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty-three shillings and fourpence.

This prudent œconomist had been a magistrate or officer at Boulogne, from which obscurity, he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milk-taster general at the market; and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread, at no expence of his own; not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public, in regulating the goodness of milk. When he was called to Paris, knowing that stage vehicles were expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of three pence sterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and, with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a poor priest, or mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on the road, from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a miser annexes to a farthing, will make us less surprized at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations, into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands and ten thousands; which made this worthy connoisseur say, "Take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves; these semina of wealth may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself."

When he became immensely rich, being in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two, one day he heard a woodman going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter: he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs, with which he loaded himself to his secret hiding-hole: and thus contracted, in that hot season, a fever: he then sent for a surgeon, to bleed him, who asking half a livre for the operation, was dismissed: he then sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three-pence a time; "But," says this worthy œconomist, "how often will it be requisite to bleed?"—"Three times," said he—"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take?"—"About eight ounces each time," answered the barber.—"That will be nine-pence; too much, too much;" says the old miser, "I am determined to go a cheaper way to work: take the whole quantity you design to take at three times, at one time, and that will save me six-pence:" which being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king, whom he made his sole heir.—Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering, and his death by an unprecedented piece of parsimony.

Communicated for the Visitor.

The following is a list of the wars between England and France, with the terms of their duration, since the one which commenced in 1116, and continued two years; 1161, lasted twenty-five years; 1141, one year; 1201, fifteen; 1224, nineteen; 1294, five; 1336, twenty-one; 1368, fifty-two; 1422, forty-nine; 1492, one month; 1512, two years; 1521, six; 1549, one; 1557, two; 1562, two; 1627, two; 1666, one; 1689, ten; 1702, eleven; 1744, four; 1756, seven; 1778, five; 1793, eight; and lastly 1803, which still continues; making within a period of 687 years, 250 years of war!

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

A POPULAR TURKISH TALE.

AN aged widow had an only son, who repeatedly transgressed the rules enjoined in the sacred Koran to be observed by all true believers; he neglected the customary ablutions, he gave no alms, and ate meat before the stars appeared during the holy fast of *Ramadan*.* 'when the gates of Paradise are open and those of Hell are shut;' he intoxicated himself with opium and wine, and bowed not his body to the omnipotent Allah, the maker of the world.

His mother, rendered superlatively unhappy by his misconduct, tried numberless methods to reclaim him, but without effect. At last, with great difficulty, she prevailed on him, when he committed a *bad* action, to drive a nail into the wall of his chamber, and when he performed a *good* action to take one out. In a short time the wall was covered with marks of his guilt; but the worst people *may* in time become the best. After a long time had elapsed, he began to refrain from his evil courses, and conducted himself with so much propriety, that the nails gradually diminished, and were at last all drawn out; of which circumstance he exultingly informed his venerable parent, who, with the greatest composure, addressed him as follows:

My son, said she, you have, it is true, dutifully attended to my advice, and entered into the pleasant paths of virtue; but be not too proud that the nails are all drawn out, for the marks where they *have been* still remain; so, likewise, the odium of your former misconduct will not be erased from your character, unless you continue to pursue the road to the blessed waters of Paradise, and never replunge into the dreadful gulph of pollution, from which you have fortunately escaped.

* During the moon of Ramadan the Mahomedans neither eat, drink, smoke, nor wash their mouths, nor even swallow their spittle, till the stars appear in the firmament.

The life of most women is a comedy in three acts: the first is devoted to love, the second to pleasure, the third to devotion.

THE AMAZONS;

An Historical Trait.

AMONG the illustrious women who have been distinguished for a manly heroism, which, though not, in general, suitable to the sex, is, in some particular cases, highly to be praised, was Jeanne Hachette, a celebrated woman of Beauvais, in Picardy, who, when the Burgundian army besieged that city in 1472, headed a company of other heroines, in order to defend it. On the day of assault, this valiant woman stood in the breach, seized the flag that the enemy were going to plant upon it, and threw down the ensign that bore it from the wall. The name of this Amazon is still dear to the inhabitants of Beauvais. Her descendants are exempted from all taxes; and, in memory of this action, a procession is made every year, on the 10th of July, in which the women take the lead.

Antiquity exhibits a similar instance of female heroism, in the illustrious Telesilla, of the city of Argos, in the Peleponnesus, In the year 557 before Christ, the city of Argos being besieged by Cleomenes, king of Sparta, Telesilla armed all the women, instead of the men, and posted them on the ramparts to oppose the enemy. The Spartans less terrified than astonished, to find such enemies to combat, and sensible, that it would be equally dishonorable to vanquish or be vanquished by them, instantly raised the siege. By this audacity, Telesilla delivered her country from a formidable enemy; and the citizens, in gratitude, erected a statue to her memory.

HUMILITY.

IT is too common for persons who have risen from poverty and obscurity, to wealth and splendor; to be ashamed of their former state, and shun all such as knew them in their adverse condition. Such a conduct is highly reprehensible, and instead of concealing, very often betrays what a contrary behavior would hide. There is nothing disgraceful in honest indigence, nor should we ever blush to be reminded of its once appertaining to us.

Madame C——, who had been formerly a washerwoman, married a man of immense wealth. She said to a man, who treated her disrespectfully, to prove that she had no pride, I remember, Sir, that you owe me two crowns, for having washed your linen formerly.—I remember it very well, said the gentleman, struck with her humility; but I was afraid of offending you, by offering it.

ANECDOTES.

A lawyer told a countryman, who was his client, that his cause was so bad and intricate that he could neither perceive beginning nor end to it: the man immediately pulled two crowns out of his pocket, and gave them to the lawyer, saying, Here are a *pair of spectacles* for you.

An advertisement in a German newspaper runs thus:—Wanted a person who will *play the Devil* in the new Tragedy of *The Count of Lubeck*. A person of downcast look, heavy brows, and deep guttural tone, will meet with a preference.

One day, Nicolus, thinking to compliment a young lady, told her, that, "she had beautiful little eyes." When she was gone, several of her friends, who had heard him, said, that, to have small eyes was not esteemed a beauty; and that he had paid a very ill compliment to the young lady. Some time after, he saw her again, and wishing to make amends for his former mistake, told her, that, "she had a beautiful large mouth." The friends, who were present at the second compliment, and who happened to be the same that had heard the first, were silent in the presence of the young lady; but, at her departure, told Nicolus, than he would do well to keep to the truth, and renounce all compliments.

A ballad singer made such a wretched noise in the street, that the populace could not endure it, and began pelting him with stones. A bye-stander remarked that his singing resembled that of Orpheus and Amphion which attracted the stones and rocks.

OLD THOMAS.

BY JAMES KENNEY.

I'VE often thought in humble life
Souls truly great are prov'd,
In ranks from ostentation free,
Where men are ne'er by vanity,
Or thirst of glory mov'd.

Old THOMAS but a peasant was,
A man of poor degree;
Day after day with Heav'n's first light,
To toil he rose, and toil'd till night,
Yet proud of heart was he.

In bold and independent tone,
He told and told again,
How often he with manly vaunt
Repell'd an undeserved taunt
From richer, greater men.

When yet a boy, where THOMAS toil'd
My sport I oft confin'd;
And many a question would propound
Whene'er the good old man I found
To chat with me inclin'd.

Thoughtful I ask'd him once when he
Would be content to die:
When with old age my strength is fled,
And Charity must give me bread—
The old man made reply.

May God preserve from such a fate,
Thought I, thy noble heart;
Yet thought I not of half the grief
When his grey head should need relief,
Dependence could impart.

As late I pass'd the lowly roof
Where this good Peasant dwelt,
His little garden told his fate,
Wild weeds grew rank, as it of late
No hand of his had felt.

And is old THOMAS dead, I ask'd
A villager that pass'd:
Alas! he was, nor had he died
Till strength no more his wants supplied,
Tho' struggling to his last.

A palsy shook his hardy frame,
Then feeble fast he grew,
Till power so little could he raise
That all he did in six long days,
Was but the work of two.

A weak old man would none employ,
Tho' all would THOMAS praise;
Anon they told him (sound of woe!)
That he must to the work-house go,
And end his wretched days.

Beneath his full and hoary brow
Indignant flash'd his eye—
In vain—of ev'ry hope bereft,
His kindred poor—no means were left
His hapless fate to fly.

He paced his garden up and down,
And loudly thus complain'd:
"Full forty years upon this spot
"A happy independent lot
"My labor has maintain'd.

"And trimly was my garden kept
"And neat my fire-side.
"And must I own them ne'er again,
"But herd with idle wicked men,
"My grey locks to deride?

"Rear'd by this hand have children eight
"To men and women grown;
"And doth it basely now deny
"With bread and water to supply
"The poor old man alone?

"But bread and water doth he ask
"With independence still;
"Rouse! rouse! thou yet may'st that engage,
"Thou grow'st a sluggard in thy age,
"And wantest but the will."

Next morn he rose, (he knew no rest
With such a fate impending)
And to the fields he went his way,
And stubbornly he toil'd all day,
With youth and strength contending.

'Twas the last glimmer of a flame
That could no longer blaze;
It was an effort vast and vain,
That freed his soul of all its pain,
And closed his feeble days.

Exhausted, scarce he totter'd home
E'er fell the dews of night—
Life ebb'd apace, in peace he bore
Death's chilly hand, nor evermore
Beheld the morning light.

Then let the marbled grave of him
Of proud, but meaner doom,
Who crawling from an humble state,
By littleness at length grew great,
To THOMAS yield his tomb;

And there be carv'd in humble phrase
How THOMAS lived and died,
That slaves of idleness and shame,
And beggars with a finer name,
May learn a peasant's pride.

MUSICAL REPOSITORY.

J. HEWITT, No. 59 MAIDEN-LANE,

HAS imported by the late arrivals from Europe, elegant Piano Fortes, with or without the additional keys, Guitars, Patent Flutes, Clarinets, Concert and Hunting Horns, Concert Trumpets, Drums, Fifes, Violins and Violin Strings.—Also an assortment of Music for different instruments by the most favorite composers.

Just published the following NEW SONGS, viz:—

A new patriotic Song—"Here's a health to our Sachem, long may he live."

Sadi the Moor.

The Convent Dirge—and a variety of other new Songs.

Also for sale an elegant assortment of the most fashionable PLATED WARE, consisting of Tea and Coffee-urns, Tea-pots, Sugar-dishes, Candlesticks, Brackets, Branches, Castors, Dish-crosses, Bread-baskets, &c. and a large assortment of CUTLERY on the lowest terms.

N. SMITH,

Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin.

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